WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICE, AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR-IN ADVANCE Bloomfield, N. J. CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

Saturday, January 31, 1874.

Single Coples, 5 Cents.

## VOL. III .-- NO. 5. BUSINESS DIRECTORY. The following firms are advertised in our columns. From personal acquaintance with these business houses we feel perfectly justified in warmly recommending them to the readers of the GAZETTE, For particulars, read their advertisements in detail CLOTHING -READY MADE & TO ORDER. Watson & Co., 813 Broad st. Newark. E. Dunham & Co., 815 Broad-st. HATS, CAPS AND BUNNER HATS. Robert Duff, 441 Broad st. R. F. Jolley & Ct., 829 Broad st. Jas. Moon, 485 Broad-st. N. A. Merritt, cor. Broad & Orange-sts. GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS. Edwards, 495 Broad-st. I. Fewsmith, 477 R. F. Jolley & Co., 829 Broad-st. W. A. Maunder, 498 C. H. WYIDAN, FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c. J. G. Keyler, Baldwin & Meeker, Newark. 797 Broad Street. Douglas, Sons & Co., DRY GOODS. Marvin Dodd & Co. 677 Broad-st. Newark A. Grant, Jr. & Co., 491 Higgins & Freeman, 499 McLaughlin, 679 W. V. Snyder & Co., 727 Broad st. Walsh & Waterfield, 701 Mc. Manus, Market-st. Bloomfield W. L. Doremus & Bro., Montchir C. H. Wyman, S. M. Lederer, 207 Greenwich-st., N. York S. Sulzberger, 243 Greenwich-st. HARDWARE, TOOLS, HOUSE PURNISHINGS Hargraves & Hayes. Edward Wilde, Rising & Thorne, 475 Broad st., Newark.

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Boarding house keepers will find great advan-tage in having ICE CREAM for a DESSERT two or three times a week—they can cock up nothing that is cheaper or more refreshing. ALL THE USUAL KINDS of CREAM. Will be kept, besides the French Crosss. We save all kinds of PANCY MOULDS.

Soth large and ameli, of Birds, Animala, Men. Fruit, &c. Estimates will be given for serving WEDDINGS AND PARTIES

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Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Ruse, de. Ladies will find our Saloon everything they The same liberal policy that characterizes in ice Cream will be observed in regard Oysters, &c., so drop in see us.

FUSSELL No. 808 BROAD STREET. Banks, Jusurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank

OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY. PHIS Institution commenced business on the 1 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Build No. 445 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M & E. R. K Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfeld, Mont lair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facili-

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DEOPLE'S

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NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873. At a meeting of the Board of Managers, seld this day, a dividend at the rate of

7 PER CENT PER ANNUM. was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to

be counted as principal from November Money deposited on or before November

ist, will draw interest from that date. H. M. RHODES, President.

CITIZENS'

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Newark, N. J. PAID UP CAPITAL, \$200,000.

ASSETS, OVER \$300,000 AS J DARLING, President. A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. Cap. NEWARK, N. J

Statement, January 1st, 1873 Balance as per statement, Jan. 1,

est during the year 1872. 1,524,116 18 Received for annuities during the year Total receipts for

1873...... .... \$6,869.055 68 Paid claims by death . \$1,911,444 72 Paid endowments.... Paid surrendered pol-386,034 98 Paid advertising and 64,004 90 Paid contingent ex-85,845 91 Paid postage and ex-

- 11.051 4 Paid taxes and inter 84,644 00 nal revenue..... 404 949 88

\$6,869,055 68 4,573,068 91

\$25,457,787 56 ASSETS.

Cosh on hand ..... \$ 505,717 94 .. 1 551,500 00 rities .... State, city and coun-ty bonds ..... bonds ..... 10,224,302 70 free 6,852,970 90
Loans on scrip 1,455 41
Due for premiums in
course of transmis-118,978 25 elon.,.... Interest due and ac 

435,681 95 973,363 83 Total seets January 1, 1873 .... \$36,511,151 4 Ratio of Expenses to Income (excluding taxes) 8.57
per cent.
The dividend of Return Premiums declared by the directors in 1872, will be paid to the sesured, as their premiums fall due in 1872, in con

ormity with the rules of the Company. LEWIS C. GROVER, President. H. N. CONGAR, Vice President. EDWARD A. STRONG, Secretary. BREZZERY C. MILLER, Tressurer,

SBURY LIPE INSURANCE CO., Office, 805 BROAD WAY. Corner Eleventh St., C. C. NORTH, President, A. V. STOUT. M. D. SAVIN Vice Presidents. W. R. FLUHARTY, Secretary.

Taking it for Granted.

With marks of a rough, stormy life al ever him, a man of about fifty years, gray and sunburnt, sat in my office. I bound him there when I went in one morning

Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow. I looked around, and the man rose and seld out his hande

" / verill-my name is Averill." said he ooking sharply at me out of a pair of matter of five-and twenty years. So I family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. " Are you a relative of my mother ?" "No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were of the same name; but not connected - unless it may be very distantly. I used to know her and her folks, though, as well as Nathan lived, and set up for herself. did my own sisters, and be ter, too. Let's see -where is your Aunt Augusta.

"She is living with her children in Portland," said I. " Pretty well, is she, do you know? asked Mr. Ave-ill. "Very well when we heard last.

Augusta has good children and a pleasant home, and seems quite happy."
"Um-m-m m! That is nice," said Mr Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget of

gold that hung as a charm from his watch-I hadn't much to do that day, so I talk ed off and on with my visitor till it was time to go home, and then took him along with me. I left him in the sitting room and went to find mother. She was mixing biscuits for supper, looking through her glasses, and singing a snatch of some old.

half-forgotten love ditty of her youth. 'Mother !" said I, breaking in upon her ong. "Come in the other room. An old riend of yours wants to see you." Mother looked up over her glasses.

"An old friend ! Tisn't any of Maine folks, is it ?" she asked. Because, if it was so much as a dog the had trotted across a corner of the State of Maine, on his four legs, mother would have run, with her arms out and a smile of welcome, without stopping to even wash the dough off her hands. As it was, with only an indefinite thought of seeing "an old friend," she went, with a dust of flour on her nose, and without her company

As soon as she had stepped inside the her guest, and he stood and looked at her. "It is Sam, as true as you are born !" she said, at last. Then they both laughed, and then they

both wiped their eyes, though they didn't seem like that sort of people, especially Mr. Averill. I never knew mother to forget her housekeeping before, but this time she let the

biscuit burn till they were black as my shoe! and when she mixed some more she put in sugar instead of salt and left the saleratus altogether. But her to bring a letter. checks grew pink, and her cap strings flew, to bring a letter. and she nor her guest seemed to know the difference. "Oh, honey !" cried my mother, hopping

up from the tea-table as soon as she was seated. "You haven't lost your sweet tooth, have you, Sam ?"

"How you do remember!" returned Sam, admiringly.
"I should think I ought to," answered my mother, with a girlish laugh. "The way you used to pick up walnuts to carry to the cross-roads atore and trade for molasses to make candy of! Speaking of the cross roads store, I wonder if you know our old storekeeper's daughter, she that was Sarah Curly, has lost her bus-

band ?"

No, has she? Strange I never heard of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as astonished as though he had been hearing

from his old neighbors every week.

"Yes," said my mother.

"She married one of old Si Seaver's boys, the oldest one, Jonathan, and he died sudden—all at once; well, it must be something like halfa dozen years ago-and left his wife and so many children - five children or else six, I don't know which."

"You don't say !" ejaculated Mr. Averill. passing his honey place for the third time. No evidently he had not lost his sweet

After supper, mother washed up the dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smoked his pipe and listened. It was the first time
I ever allowed anybody to smoke in my
house, but I had nothing to say now. I
even filled his pipe and lighted it for him.
And then he told the story of his life,
which had been full of strange and interesting adventures. He was evidently a
man who did not read much and who
could not have written well, but he could his pipe and listened. It was the first time could not have written well, but he could talk; not always grammetically, perhaps, but always with force and faccination.

SAM AVERILL'S STORY.

father and my mother's father lived in a like pictures in a magic-iantern. Abner town in the valley of the Kennebec. My Stanton came often on one excuse or town in the valley of the Kennebec. My Stanton came often on one excuse or mother's lather was a large farmer and Mr. Averill's father was a very small farmer and berries strung on grass, and sweet flag er with a very large family. So his young east son, Sam, came to work for my grand-aive with his love, but he made Aunt father, My mother and my Aunt Augusta were young girls—they were twins, and I walked and with every breath she breathed. Suppose by the way they look now that It was below her, above her, and all around they must have been pretty than Me. they must have been pretty then. My her. He often brought her letters from mother was early engaged and married to Sam, and carried her's for him to the my father; but there was Augusta, and office. there was Sam; and where one was you might usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything, he was not of a demonstrative kind, but he knew how he fire instead. At last, as his love grew hotfelt, and he supposed Augusta knew too. ter and more impatient, he kept them
So the years budded and blossomed and back altogether, and still never allowed The roses came back to Aunt Augusta's brought forth fruit, until at last Sam went Aunt Augusta to lose sight or thought of cheeks, and the red-hot arrows shot out of

down to Connecticut to take charge of a himself.

saw mill for an uncle of his. He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta wrote to having made and lost and made again his him; and now and then he came to Maine twelve thousand dollars among the copper on business, always going to my grand-mines, came home to "marry Augusta and father's before he went home, and carrying settle down." himself toward Augusta like an accepted

went abroad, to England and Rome and Egypt and Paris and Germany and Sweden and Russia and everywhere. When he came home at last it was with only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next he went out among the copper mines of Lake Superior, and in time was again possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

Now I will come home and marry Au gusta, and settle down, said he to himself. But he didn't say it to anybody else. It It never occurred to him that was neces-

shrewd gray eyes. "I am an old friend of stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for the your mother; but I have not met her for a gardener to come and pick it. She cast thought I'd call and ask after her and her and bloomed as though it was enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes. In that simple neighborhood work was

supposed to be the chief end of everybody Aunt Augusta learnt yest-making, and then she went to Coos, where her brother Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and

had its stores and its milts, and its shops. and its great white meeting house on a hill, with galleries on three sides and square pews and a high box pulpit.
The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta went there, she climbed the hill, of course, and went in the front pew with Uncle

Nathan and his wife. She was fashionably dressed in a black crape gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk bonnet with pink roses inside. Her cheeks were as pink as her roses, and her eyes were as black as

There was no need that Mr. Keeler should point her out to the young men, but he took the pains to do it. Mr. keeler, the minister, was a little lank man, as plain and gray as a dor-bug, and so afraid of the pomps and vanities that he wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No sooner had his eyes fallen on Aunt Augusta, settling herself in the front pew like a variegated tulip, than he dropped the subject he had started upon for his sermon, and began to preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere, earnest man, and he preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had neglected to look at them before, they looked

Among those who were obedient to the ministerial forefinger was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abuer Stanton's heart was a good deal like his iron—not easily melted—but when there it was, fixed and steadfast. And toand then he went off and had never been ded, inconsiderate fool. But it seems hard day Aunt Augusta's eyes went through it like red-hot arrows as he peered around at her from behind one of the pillars in the gallers.

be was going by, he would call and see if she had everything she needed, and how soon the vest would be done. It was not two days more before he was there again

when I went after my paper, and so I brought it along. I could as well as not,"

The letter was from Sam Averill, telling about the luck he had had in mining, the weather, and the fact that he was well. Nothing more; nothing about the home he was building in his fancy, and the figure that was always central in his thoughts. "I hope," said my uncle Nathan, "you are not foolish enough to set your mind on

such a rolling stone as Sam Averill. He "If we are going to bunt for a man that has no faults in this world, we'll have a long road of it," returned Aunt Augusta,

bearing down the heavy pressing-iron upon her seam as though she were trying to crush the lite out of something. In less than a week Abner Stanton called again. He thought perhaps Miss Augusta didn't know the swamp-pinks were out, and so he brought her a handful, that he got on the way over from Cowesett.

Aunt Augusta had a weakness for flowthat - and she put a cluster of the blossoms in her hair at once, and another at her throat, while Abner Stanton looked at her with admiration in every hair of his head. "If you were a sister of mine, you should always sit in a rocking-chair and

wear swamp-pinks!" said he.
"Abner Stanton is a most excellen

swer Sam Averill's letter.

The next day Abner Stanton called to see Uncle Nathan on business, and she sent her letter to the office by him. So the It seemed that years and years ago, his months drifted along one after another

Suddenly one day he appeared before my nocle Nathan, travel worn and brown

ing down his shirt-sleeves as he went. An hour after Uncle Nathan came home with Sam Averill.

returned Sam.

"Here is an old friend you will be glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening the door of my aunt's workroom, where she sat stitching the pocket of a primrose-colored vest, and looking fresh as a hundred prim-

" Fair to middling. Where's Augusta ?"

go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll find

Augusta. I will be around in an hour or

so and call for you. Augusta will be

proper glad to see you, and so'll the rest of

So Sam went off with his honest heart to

find a razor and a wash bowl, and my

Uncle Nathan did a very mean thing. He

went straight to Abner Stanton, "Abner,"

must go right up and get Augusta to name

Abner dropped his hammer, without

orying a word, and went up the street, roll-

tim out of the way as long as I can."

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right.

been such a surprise in Coo's before."

roses herself.
"It is Sam!" said she faintly, starting to ber feet and dropping her work. It was Sam. Sam come at last, with his ong-smoldering love and his tardy speak-

TOO LATE.

"You are too late! An hour too late," said my aunt Augusta, when he had told his errand East. "I have just engaged myself to another man." You haven't done right, Augusta,'

said Sam. "You belong to me : you have always belonged to me, and you ought to have waited till I came.' "You didn't say anything," returned my Aunt, with a little pride, "How was I to

know what you meant ? You never spoke "I took it you knew my mind," return ed Sam. "I never thought of anybody else, and it didn't occur to me that you would. You must marry this person now knife.

you have promised him, of course. But ait by and have a cup of tea with us. Autism't right and it never will be right." gusta always was decided, and you could "Mr. Stanton is a worthy man; just as good as gold, clear through to the core. I

the same." They said no more; there was nothing more to be said, and in a month Aunt

The next day he came to get a vest made.

The day after he came to bring buttons for it; and the day after that he thought, as lands and gold and mines—a rich seemed to relish it the better, as if life man. He had come back to fi.d Aunt Augusta, and lerm how the world had fared with her. For in all these years of buying and selling and getting gain, he

> Aunt Augusta's married life had not been happy. It is very dangerous for a man to take in a mean habit temporarily, for it will stick to him, and Abner Stan ton's character never recovered from the twist those intercepted letters gave it. 1 don't know what, but something was always going wrong between them. Even their children proved barriers instead of bonds. As he grew older his natural economy and thrift became stronger and stronger, until, as my mother said. " he got so close he could sit, and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provocation, he told Aunt

Augusta about the lost letters.

'You oughtn't to have told me that.
Abner," said she. "You ought not to have

told me. I can never fergive you." She never did. Always after, there seemed to be something separating them cold and hard and transparent as ich until the death of Mr. Stanton. Now Aunt Augusta was living surrounded by her children and grandchildren, happy

Mother brought down thus the story of Aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened, eager and excited. When she had finished he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and starting up, began to walk the floor.

"I will start for Portland to-morrow morning and see what Augusta will have to say to me. I am of the same mind I always was. I've never hankered for a

moment after any other woman, and I am

as ready to marry her to-day as ever I was."

Be the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but youthful a deputation to urge her claims to vote. with expectation.

This time he did not waste his opportunity by waiting to make himself fine, but with the grime and dust of travel yet upon him, he went directly to the house of Aunt Augusta's daughter, with whom she is

"Where is Mrs. Stanton " I want to see her right away," said he as soon at the day last, "You will find her here; walk in if you please, replied the house maid, throwing open the door of the sitting room.

Mr. Averill stepped quickly forward.

Yes, there she sat stitching away as before on some kind of primrose-colored stuff with her eyes as black and bright as ever. But the primroses were faded in her cheeks.

"I have come for you again, Augusta. Am I too late this time!" cried the impa-

her eyes once more
"Bless us! If it is nt Sam Averill, nose and all !" she said, holding up here bar de From twenty to fifty is as but a watch in ly at you from the looking glass, saying, "Here I am, my sear!" or when children

" How have you fared all this great long ber one is no longer young at fifty. But the sight of Sam Averill's gray hairs and wrinkles were as good as a looking glass to

remind Augusta. "Sit down Sam," said she, "and let me look at you. It seems slike the real old times to see you once more. You look wonderfully natural, but dear me, how you

proper giad to see you, and so'll the rest of have changed! Yov'e grown old as well the folks. I don't know when there has as myself." But Mr. Averill was not to be diverted

by any side issues. "Augusta," said he, earnestly, "I made a serious mistake once. It was not a mistake about my own mind, however; that said he, going into the smithy, out of remains the same it always was. Every breath, "Sam Averill has come, and you woman I've ever seen seemed like a tailow candle beside the sun when I think of you. the day, or you will lose her. I'll keep I have made my fortune, and all I want now is you to come and share it with me.

it is you, or nobody, just as it always was." Maybe Aunt Augusta's heart throbbed a ittle with the old yearning toward the love of her youth, but she shook her head with unhesitating decision, as she put out her hand to stir the cradle where her

oungest grandchild lay asleep. " it can never be, Sam," said she. 4 "] won't deny that it was all a mistake my marrying Stanton. He did'nt turn out to be the man I took him for. He proved contrary and onery, and beside he wrote etters in disguise. But that is all over and past, and can't be undone, And now I am in the midst of my children with my children and grandchildren growing up about me, and I am in my right place. I shouldn't be contented to leave everything and go off to a new country to begin the world over again, as it were. I am too old

an oak to be transplanted." Well after that M. Averill might have alked till he was the age of Methusalab. Aunt Augusta had made up her mind, and an earthquake couldn't shake it.

So Mr. Averill again went away alone. "Well, Amelia, Augusta wouldn't have a word to say to me," said he, walking in upon mother and me as we sat at supper ew evenings after, "not a word."
"I want to know if that is so!" cried mother, fluttering up after another plate and " Lay your overcoat right off and

not turn her after she got her mind fixed. good as gold, clear through to the core. I She would't keep you waiting long for have always liked him, and you never said your answer, either. Well, it is likely it is anything," repeated my poor Aunt Augustor the best; we will hope so," pursued to; "I will be your friend, though, just mother, reaching over to put an extra tump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup, as though to sweeten life if possible for him. "It serves me right in taking it for

> that a body can't work his way out of a blunder in a whole tife-time. Mother looked full of sympathy, and

were growing sweeter and sweeter. Mother and Mr. Averill sat up late that night; so late that as I had had a hard had kept the empty room in his heart that day, I went off to bed and left them talk-had once been filled with his love. of cats by the kitchen fire. After brenkfast the next m rning, mother

followed me into the hall when I started for the office. "I want to speak with you Elwell, just minute," said she, stroking my costsleeve, tremulously, "What should you say to my going back to California along with Mr. Averill ?"

"You, mother !" I cried, feeling as though the world had tumbled off its axis. Why, it is Aunt Augusta he wants. 'It s Augusta, or nobody! "Yes, so it was," returned mother humbler still, "I suppose it would't have taken much to turn me toward Sam in my young days ; I always thought the world and all of him; but he seemed to take rather more to Augusta. She was always nineteen to

the dozen, and I never could hold my own

against her. And then your tather, he

get your advice." Get my advice! Dear little mother ! I was not idiotic enough to offer it if I had

any advice to give. So she and Mr. Averill went on and "made arrangements."

Which arrangements were that day two
weeks, after a quiet wedding at the minister's, they started off for California together, to begin life anew on each other's account, as blithe and joyous as two birds

on the wing. From the Aldine for February. Premier Gladstone does not believe in roman suffrage. He has refused to receive

One ice firm in Boston has almost a year's supply of ice left over from last season. which is nice. George Prince, one of the oldest and

most respected citizens of Harrisburg, and

soldier of the war of 1813, died on Bunof George Washington. They have just published his " Lite," in Yeddo, in an illus-

trated work of 44 volumes. For more than three years, says the Coal Gazette, a fire liss been raging at Summit every means in their power to put out the flames, but without any guod result as yet.

At a trial held in St. Louis, not long ago, the prisoner at the bar, the lawyer who was defending him, the reporter and the judge, had all been class-mates in college,

Samuel M. Capron, for twenty years a the night, then the years are past; and it teacher in Hartford, Conn., school, and for is only when an old lady node triumphastly at you from the looking glass, saying, aged forty-one years. He was a superfor teacher and a most estimable man, and Reliable Agents Wanted.—To those who will give their whole time to the business. Heart and shaggy. My nucle received him with around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come and shaggy. My nucle received him with around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come was universally beloved. He was a native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come and was universally beloved. He was a native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come and was universally beloved. He was a native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come are not was universally beloved. He was a native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come are not was universally beloved. He was a native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come are not was universally beloved. He was a native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come are not was native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come are not was native around with the rights and duties of tuilthat you have nursed in your arms come are not was native around the received him with the rights are not your arms come are not yo

